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**A Typical Conversation**

It was a typical Monday morning.

The sky was a mixture between the gray and the transparent off sky-blue color like any other day.

A skinny man with a pair of thin silver glasses walked upstairs to the roof of the building. He was about in his late thirties and did not have any ring on his finger. He was in his ordinary black suit with wrinkled shirt tucked in hastily and a blue tie that he always wore. On one hand, he had a brown paper bag that had a burger and a coke. The other hand was in his pants pocket.

When he reached the roof, he opened the steel door. The sunlight did not shine brightly in his eyes to welcome him to his peaceful territory like always.

Every 12:30 PM, he would come up here and have a burger and a coke alone. Then he would smoke two cigarettes and go back downstairs to work. It was an everyday routine for him. The same routine for eighteen years.

He took out a burger and unwrapped it. He took a huge bite of the burger.

“Soggy.” He said.

He took a bite and drank a sip of coke. He gazed into the horizon filled with skyscrapers and apartment buildings. Took another sip of coke, then looked down on his burger, and took another big bite. It was a typical day.

At that moment, a pigeon flew by him. He tried to shoo the pigeon away but it did not move an inch.

“I guess you’re smart enough not to actually flinch and fly away now, huh?”

He pinched the top of the bun of his burger and sprinkled it on the floor. The pigeon looked at the floor and did not move.

“Are you not hungry?”

The pigeon just stared at the man.

So he ripped some of the meat in the burger and dropped it on the floor. Then the pigeon viciously flew down and nibbled on the meat.

“So pigeons are carnivores now.” He said, lifting his glasses.

Then the steel door suddenly opened. And the pigeon flew away.

“Hey, what are you doing up here?” Asked the man who walked through the steel door.

This man was a bit shorter than him. He had an odd crooked smile with a pair of glasses. He was in his mid 70s and definitely looked prideful.

“Just eating lunch,” responded the younger man, “what are you doing up here?”

“Oh, just hanging out with my old friend.” Said the old man.

He took out a cigarette. Then, he looked for his lighter, but he couldn’t find it.

“Did you lose it?” The younger man asked as he put his finished wrappers and empty coke plastic cup into the brown paper bag.

“Yes, my lighter.”

The younger man pretended like he didn’t hear anything and took out his cigarette and lighter. He lit the fire on his cigarette and slightly slid the lighter between him and the old man.

“Thank you.” Said the old man.

The younger man never had a visitor in his peaceful territory during his lunch hours. Never in eighteen years. It was not a typical day.

“So,” the old man broke the awkward silence, “Do you always eat alone up here during lunch?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you eat with everyone else downstairs?”

The younger man paused for a moment, and in silence, refused to make any response.

The two smoked away into the air and breathe fumes of poison into their lungs. The younger man put out his cigarette butt and took out his second one. He lit it and deeply breathed in the fume.

The old man sighed deeply. “I came up here to give you this.”

The old man slid a plane ticket beside the younger man. “This is my apology.” Said the old man.

The younger man picked up the plane ticket and looked at the destination: FIJI.

“I don’t need this. It’s too late.”

“But it’s not! It’s been killing me that you won’t even glance at me anymore. What can I do to fix this? I only wanted the best for you.”

“The best for me?”

“Yes, the best for you! I wanted you to take my position and lead this company. I wanted you to be the CEO with enough fortune and have a good life. I thought that this was what you wanted! What EVERYONE in this company wanted!”

The younger man looked down, grabbed the left side of his pants tightly and quietly said, “the “best for me”? Did you really know what I wanted?”

He looked away and rolled around his eyes without closing them to dry up the tears that filled his eyes. He took a deep breath and he released his clenched hands. Then he put out his second cigarette. He looked at his watch and it was 1:20 and his lunchtime was over.

“I need to go.”

Without looking back, he walked towards the door, shut the steel door loudly behind him and walked downstairs. It was first time in eighteen years that his peaceful lunchtime was interrupted. This was not a typical day.

But it was a typical conversation.